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OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN, ALL MANKIND.

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THE LIBERATOR

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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

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embrace all the States. The New-England Society has, with great rapidity, become extensive and popular, and the call is becoming urgent for the formation of a national society, which shall exert a still more wide and powerful influence upon the public mind. Preparations are making for calling a great meeting of the friends of the slaves throughout the union, at some convenient and central place, and we expect that only a short period will elapse before the opinions and efforts of the advocates of the rights of all men, will be concentrated in a great National Anti-Slavery Society.

NEW-YORK, Sept. 24, 1832.

DEAR SIR,—The cause in which you are engaged, has enlisted the warmest feelings of my heart. The wrongs and oppressions which have so long been heaped upon the people of color, and the cruelties and barbarous laws which continue to be multiplied against them, in this 'land of liberty'—demand the most vigorous exertions and untiring zeal, on the part of those who have hearts to feel for suffering humanity. 'It is high time to awake out of sleep.' Every principle of justice—humanity—mercy—calls for prompt and unceasing efforts in the cause of emancipation. Heartless selfishness and relentless prejudice will never give way, till 'justice, mercy and truth,' are driven home upon the conscience with all their power and energy. The New-England Anti-Slavery Society has no longer embarked in the work; and the success attending its efforts while yet in its infancy, is but a prelude to the benefits which may be expected from it.

Several individuals here designed to have their names attached to your society—and should here-with forward the subscription necessary to constitute as members; but on looking, are unable to find a copy of your Constitution; and therefore do not know—1st, whether you admit persons who are not inhabitants of New-England; and 2nd, whether you require a person to membership. Will you inform the public through the Liberator?

Would it not be well to change the name of your society to the 'Anti-Slavery Society of the United States'—or something similar? By doing so, I doubt not hundreds of persons in this State would be glad to join it—or would readily form an auxiliary to it. Would not one of your agents do well to visit this city and address the people on the subject?

In haste, yours truly,

TOUR OF THE EDITOR. LETTER VI.

WATERVILLE, Oct. 8, 1832.

A pretty, quiet, attractive village, this—I almost positively decided at Bangor, not to visit it on my return, on account of a multiplicity of engagements elsewhere; but happily—I think providentially—my determination was overruled, by the advice of several friends, and now I sit down to thank them and to congratulate our cause in view of the results of this journey.

A word as to the weather: at Bangor, it was inexpressibly dreary, as you have been already apprized—but here, what a bright and exhilarating change! O, for a suitable panegyric upon the sun—the gorgeous, world-enlightening sun! My feelings burst out into song whenever he shows his majestic countenance; and particularly at this season of the year does my attachment acquire a strength proportionate to the intensity of his beams. But I have a two-fold source of pleasure—for three evenings has the moon put on her best attire, and exhibited the perfection of beauty. I have been standing upon the fragments of a noble bridge which was shattered and vanquished by a tremendous freshet early in the spring, and listening to the sonorous voice of an ambitious waterfall, and watching the rapid current of the Kennebec as it went joyfully onward to the ocean, flashing and foaming in the light of the moon. The scene was worth a trip from Boston to Waterville.

I was politely requested by the students belonging to the College, to address them on Saturday on the subject of African Colonization. I declined making a formal discourse, but gave them, as briefly and clearly as I could, my views of the delusive character and dangerous tendency of the American Colonization Society. I also exhibited the principles and purposes of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society, satisfying the students that the two societies could never co-operate with each other. At the close of my remarks, I requested any individual who were friendly to the colonization scheme to propound their objections to my doctrines, and to sustain their own sentiments. Two or three of the students asked several very pertinent questions, and started some difficulties, which I endeavored to answer and remove. A glow of enthusiasm seemed to pervade the entire audience, which was dismissed under

the most cheering circumstances. I beseech the students, individually and collectively, to accept the assurances of my high regard, and my thanks for their politeness and attention. Their enlistment in the cause of abolition is of great importance, as they are destined to exert a wide and powerful influence upon society.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Green, a highly esteemed Baptist clergyman, I was permitted to occupy his pulpit on Saturday and Sabbath evenings, to very excellent audiences. We may confidently anticipate the formation of an 'Anti-Slavery Society in this place, in a short time.

I have inflicted upon the readers of the Liberator some very long epistles, and now offer this brief scrawl by way of expiation. Yet I cannot close without acknowledging my obligations to President Chapin and his interesting family for their urbanity and hospitality to my person.

In the greatest hurry I remain, as ever,

Yours, &c.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

LETTERS ON SLAVERY.

ADDRESSED TO

MR. THOMAS RANKIN,

Merchant at Middlebrook, Augusta Co. Va.

BY JOHN RANKIN,

Pastor of the Presbyterian Churches of Ripley and Strait-creek, Brown Co. Ohio.

LETTER XII.

DEAR BROTHER!—I shall in the present letter give you a few remarks upon the arguments which the Rev. Archibald Cameron, of Kentucky, has presented to the public in the first number of the Monitor, printed at Lexington, A. D. 1806. That Reverend gentleman possesses both the talents and literature necessary to making the best of the cause he attempts to defend. And could we suppose him actuated by the unalloyed motives of self-interest, we would say he had from that source, sufficient inducement to the greatest industry in the management of his subject; for, as we understand him, he had and would still have considerable property in human flesh, and blood, and souls!!! And it became him as a public teacher to show, if possible, that his practice was in accordance with the gospel. In short, we believe that if Mr. Cameron has been unsuccessful in adducing arguments to justify the practice of slavery, it was entirely owing to a bad cause, and not to the want of talents, literature, or industry.

His arguments are principally drawn from several passages in the New Testament in which servants are mentioned. He lays his strong foundation in the signification of the word DOULOS, which is translated into the word servant. He says, 'It is well known to those who are in the habit of reading the writings of the ancients, that DOULOS in Greek, the word used above, and SERVUS in Latin, are used to signify that kind of servitude which is perpetual or for life, which we call slavery. ELUTHEROS, the Greek word for free, is set in opposition to DOULOS, servant, which shows that the Apostle meant a bond-man, or a slave, when he used the term.'

This argument is plausible, but not solid. Paul says, 'Though I be Elutheeros' free from all men, yet (edoulos) I have made myself servant unto all.' 1 Cor. ix. 19. And he commands the Gallatians (doulos) to serve one another by love, Gal. v. 13. EDoulos signifies I have made myself (doulos) a servant; and 'is set in opposition to' (Elutheeros) free; but who would argue from this that Paul was an involuntary slave for life? Yet such an argument would be just as conclusive as the one which Mr. Cameron has advanced in the passage we have quoted from the Monitor. I readily admit, that the Apostle had reference to some kind of servitude, when he said, 'Art thou called, being (doulos) a servant, care not for it; but if thou mayest be made (Elutheeros) free, use it rather.' 1 Cor. vii. 21. But there is no evidence, from the language of the text, what kind of servitude was meant. The Greek word DOULOS, like the English word servant, signifies no particular kind of servitude. Hence, the translators have not in a single instance in all the New Testament translated the word DOULOS into the word slave. The word slave is specific in its meaning, and always, except when used figuratively, denotes one bound to involuntary and perpetual servitude; and in all its more general applications, it still refers to one particular kind of bondage. Every slave is a servant, but every servant is not a slave. All apprentices are servants, and actually bond-men during their apprenticeship, and are, in many instances, subjected to stripes; but they are not called slaves. Hiredlings are servants, and in some parts of the world even these have endured stripes; yet no accurate writer would call them slaves. The translators thought it proper to use the word slave in but a single instance in all the New Testament. Rev. xiii. 13. 'Slaves and souls of men' are mentioned as the unalloyed merchandise of Spiritual Babylon. And here the Greek word is not DOULOS; but SOMATON the Genitive plural of SOMA; but SOMATON, the word DOULOS has such an extensive and various application in the sacred scriptures, that it would be very injudicious to translate it into a word so limited and determinate, in its signification, as is the word slave, which properly denotes a person bound to involuntary and perpetual servitude. DOULOS has no such definitive meaning, but answers to the English word servant, which is as applicable to the subject of a Prince, to the common hireling, or even to the apprentice, as it is to the slave. In many instances it would be most ridiculous to translate DOULOS into slave,

as a single specification will show. 'Paul (doulos) a slave of Jesus Christ.' How ridiculous is such a translation! Christ is 'The Prince of the Kings of the earth.' Paul is his servant; but not his involuntary slave. DOULOS is used in relation to the subjects of Kings or Nobles. Luke xix. 17. 'Well, thou good (doulos) servant—have thou authority over ten cities.' Certainly the subject of a prince, and not a slave, must have been intended by DOULOS in this passage. Who would imagine that authority over ten cities would be given to a slave? DOULOS is likewise used in relation to hired servants. The penitent prodigal said, 'How many (misthioi, hirelings), or hired servants of my father's have bread enough.' And again, when expressing his willingness to accept of the lowest station in his father's house, he said, 'I am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.' But the father said to him (doulos) servants, bring forth the best robe, and put it on him. Luke xv. 11, 32. The prodigal said that the hirelings were his father's, and had bread enough, and to spare. This would be quite unnatural, if there were still a lower order of servants in his father's house, and indeed would imply that such servants had not bread enough. Again, he says, make me as one of thy hirelings. This, on the supposition that there were still a lower order than these in his father's family, was as good as saying, I am not yet unworthy enough to take the lowest place in thy family. And would destroy both the beauty and fitness of the parable; which was intended to illustrate the nature of true repentance, and the willingness of our heavenly Father to receive the humble penitent. The truly penitent sinner is willing to take the lowest station in his father's house. But Mr. Cameron, contrary to the nature of the parable, supposes that the father of the prodigal held slaves; but upon such supposition the prodigal was very unlike the penitent sinner whom he was intended to represent. Hence, it is evident that the Father's (doulos) servants were his hirelings.

Once more. DOULOS is used in relation to such as dedicate themselves to the service of others. So Paul as we have already shown, made himself (doulos) servant unto all. And so those who have dedicated themselves to the service of God are called his servants. Rev. xii. 3. 'And his (doulos) servants shall serve him.' The elder brother of the prodigal is represented as saying to his father, 'Lo, these many years (doulos) do I serve thee.' And our Lord says, 'whoever commiteth sin, is the (doulos) servant of sin.' John viii. 34. Paul also says, 'To whom ye yield yourselves (doulos) servants to obey, his (doulos) servants ye are.' Rom. vi. 16.

Consequently, Mr. Cameron must be mistaken when he says, 'That DOULOS in Greek—(is) used to signify that kind of servitude which is perpetual or for life, which we call slavery.' It has no such definitive signification. No difference whether a man serves voluntarily, or involuntarily, whether he serves an hour or during life, he is DOULOS a servant during the time he serves. It is a general term which is equally applicable to all kinds of servants, without regard either to the nature or duration of their servitude. Hence, it affords no proof either for or against our present system of slavery. 'Thus far we think Mr. Cameron has failed in his arguments.'

Again, Mr. Cameron, on pages 8th and 10th quotes 1 Tim. vi. 1, 2. 'Let as many servants as are under the yoke, count their own masters worthy of all honor; that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed. And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them because they are brethren; but rather do them service because they are faithful and beloved partakers of the benefit.' He appears to be confident that this has a reference to slavery, or perpetual servitude. And in connexion with it, he tells us of an ancient custom of making captives pass under the yoke as a token of their subjection to slavery, that such 'Were sold and bought like other property,' and that of this description of persons the Apostle Paul says, 'Let as many servants as are (upo zugon) under the yoke, count their own masters worthy of all honor.' But I see not the least evidence that the Apostle had any reference to such custom. The Apostle does not say, let as many servants as have passed under the yoke; but he says, 'Let as many servants as are under the yoke, count their own masters worthy of all honor.' The yoke which he mentions was not one under which they had passed; but one that was still upon them. And according to Mr. Cameron's own description of the instrument, under which captives were made to pass, it is evident that the Apostle had no reference to it as an emblem of perpetual slavery. In a note on the word yoke he says, 'JUGUM, a yoke, a contrivance with foris and spears, like a gallows, under which enemies vanquished were forced to go. Hence it is used to signify bondage or slavery.' But ZUGON, the word which the Apostle uses, signifies no such kind of yoke as Mr. Cameron here describes—it is derived from the Greek verb ZEUGNOMAI, (I join together), and consequently signifies an instrument of conjugation, such as the yoke which unites or couples oxen together; and because it thus couples them, it is called ZUGON, (a yoke)—Therefore, it is not the kind of instrument under which Mr. Cameron says captives were made to pass as an emblem of their being subjected to slavery. In allusion to the yoke, which binds the ox to his fellow, bondage of various kinds is in the scriptures termed a yoke. Subjects are bound to obey their Prince, and thus are under the yoke, 1 Kings xii. 4. 'Thy father (King Solomon) made our yoke grievous.' Christ is a King, and they that will be his subjects must take his yoke upon them—'Take my yoke upon you—For my yoke is easy.' Mat. xi. 29, 30.

Again, the husband is bound to the wife, and the wife to the husband, and though they be thus bound by voluntary engagement, and though their union be a source of their greatest happiness, yet they are under the yoke. Hence, Paul says, 2 Cor. vi. 14. 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' And even two voluntary associates, in a particular calling, are considered as yoked together. Phil. iv. 3. 'I entreat thee also true yoke fellow.' This was a certain person who had voluntarily associated himself with Paul in propagating the Gospel among the heathen.

These instances are sufficient to show that the word yoke is figuratively used as a general term, which is equally applicable to every kind of bondage. Mr. Cameron himself, on page 27th, admits that every 'Obligation to virtue' is a yoke. He there argues that 'if the phrase every yoke, be not qualified and restricted—it will be proper to break asunder the yoke of Christianity, the yoke of the civil law, the yoke of marriage, and every other obligation to virtue.' Thus while he pleads for a limitation of the 'Phrase every yoke' he admits the universal application of the term yoke in respect to every 'Obligation to virtue.' It is strange that he makes such admission after limiting the term to perpetual and involuntary slavery. But what is still more strange, he first argues that the term yoke is applicable to slavery alone, when used by the Apostle in relation to servants; but when he is commanded to 'Break every yoke,' Isa. lvi. he argues that the 'Phrase every yoke' must be so 'Qualified and restricted' as not to include slavery, else, he says, 'It will be proper to break asunder the yoke of Christianity, the yoke of civil law, the yoke of marriage, and every other obligation to virtue.' If the 'Phrase every yoke' does not include slavery, I do not see how the phrase 'Under the yoke' can signify slavery. That the Apostle had reference to some kind of bondage when he used the phrase 'Under the yoke' I readily admit, but I see no evidence that he had reference to involuntary and perpetual slavery. Hired servants were in that age very numerous. The father of the prodigal is represented as having many of them in his service. The prodigal says, 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough!' And the Apostle James in his epistle, severely reprobates the rich for defrauding the laborers that had reaped their fields. James v. 4. 'Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped, are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.' This shows that the fields of the rich were generally reaped by hired servants, and not by slaves. Now had slaves been so exceedingly numerous as Mr. Cameron, on page 11th, attempts, by profane history, to prove them to have been, the rich would have had no need to hire reapers. If slaves were held, they were held by the rich; but James in a general epistle intended for the use of all the churches, represents the rich as hiring their reapers—'This does not evidence that slaves were numerous. But had the rich generally held slaves, and treated them with so shocking cruelty as Mr. Cameron says they did, can we suppose that the agonizing cries of the poor slaves would not have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth,' as well as the cries of defrauded hirelings? Has the Almighty no compassion for the hapless slave? Surely the sovereign of the universe is no respecter of persons—his compassion descends to the meanest of his creatures—The angel and the worm are alike the objects of his care. Hence, it is most reasonable to conclude that, had there been suffering slaves in the hands of the rich, their cries must have been heard, in heaven, and also regarded in the denunciations delivered by the inspired Apostle.

Persons who were in a state of abject poverty were under the necessity of devoting themselves to the service of the rich for wages; and that in many instances, during the space of several years together; and when they entered into a contract of such duration, they were bound to fulfill the term of service it required; and thus they were under the yoke—and when they bound themselves to the service of ill-disposed masters, it became a grievous yoke; but nevertheless they were generally obliged to bear it until their term of service was completed according to agreement. Some in consequence of being in debt sold themselves for a limited time in order to make payment; other insolvent debtors might be sold by their creditors; and we may suppose some sold for crime—in addition to these, we may also suppose that many were bound as apprentices. All these several classes were under the yoke during the time for which they were bound to service; and therefore might be properly addressed in the language of Paul. 'Let as many servants as are under the yoke, count their own masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed. And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them, but as unto the Lord, obey them in the Lord. Christ is the Lord, who has prohibited the enslaving of his people, and with the prohibition he assigned the reason on which it was founded; 'They are my servants.' This reason must stand alike good in every age, and ever prohibit Christians from enslaving their brethren. 'But over you brethren—ye shall not rule—with rigor.' 'For they are my servants.' Levit. xix. 42, 46. I cannot believe that the Apostle under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit did, in opposition to this positive command, permit Christians to hold their brethren as slaves for life, and also to have the power of selling both them and their offspring as mere property! But it would be proper for the several classes of servants we have mentioned to fulfill their terms, and render the services due

to their own masters, whether christian or heathen. And to the heathen, they ought to be both faithful and respectful, lest they should cause them to say, that christianity made their servants dishonest, or unwilling to render them such service and regard as were justly due. And love to their christian masters, who were faithful and beloved brethren, ought to induce them to render them still more willingly the service and honor which were justly due; and thus while fulfilling their just obligations, they would be doing good to their brethren, and so would enable them to extend their liberality to those who were propagating the Gospel. And I do not see why all the addresses made to servants in the Apostolic epistles might not be applicable to persons bound to servitude for a limited time. Such as were bound to tolerate heathen might endure great evils; in such cases it would be desirable to be liberated by satisfying the master in some lawful way, for the service due him. And, perhaps, it was on this account that Paul said, 'Art thou called being a servant, care not for it; but if thou mayest be free, use it rather.' But when this could not be obtained in an equitable manner, it would be their duty to serve, even, the froward as well the gentle—it was such service as justice required—Hence, it was proper to enjoin obedience upon them. 'Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God.' Col. iii. 22. This plainly implies that the service was justly due; and that, therefore, it should be rendered in the fear of God, who would punish them in case they should defraud their masters. And these same masters were commanded to give unto their servants whatever wages were due for their services. 'Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal.' Col. iv. 1. But in some instances, reference is made to the stripes which servants endured. And from this, Mr. Cameron concludes such servants were slaves for life; but many who were servants for a limited time, have endured stripes.—Hence, enduring stripes is no certain proof of the existence of perpetual slavery. Again, Mr. Cameron attempts, on page 21st, to prove by the Greek phrase, *o pais mori*, that the Centurian's servant whom our Lord healed, was a slave born in his family; but the word *pais* is sometimes used as *novulus* a servant. Luke i. 51. 'He hath holpen his servant Israel.' And xv. 20. 'And he called one of the servants.' *Pais* is used in both these passages to signify servant. Hence the phrase *o pais mori* signifies 'My servant,' just as it is expressed in our translation. Luke vii. 7. Therefore it has no reference to the servant's being born in the Centurian's family, nor does it afford any evidence that he was a slave for life.

I have now considered the principal arguments which Mr. Cameron has adduced to prove that the Apostles did permit the primitive christians to hold slaves, and though I readily grant that they are the best his cause will admit, yet I do not think them sufficient to establish his point, or to justify his practice of holding as property his fellow men. I am fully persuaded that a point so unreasonable, and a practice so unjust, can never find support from the sacred volume.

I have now completed my examination of the principal arguments which the abettors of slavery have drawn from the scriptures in order to support our modern system of cruel oppression.

You may expect me in my next to show that the scriptures do condemn the practice of slavery.

ADIEU.

For the Liberator.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

MR. EDITOR,—It has been stated over and over again, in your paper, and others which I have read, that the whites make a wide distinction between themselves and the colored population—that they treated them as cattle—and that they bought and sold them, and awfully and cruelly beat them whenever they attempted to resist or complain of their injustice. In a majority of the states, (especially the slaveholding states,) this is most lamentably true—and I have no doubt but the blood of many a poor sufferer is at this moment crying to God for vengeance—yes, the blood of slaves murdered by wicked, heaven-daring and selfish slaves! If, however, there is a brighter side to the picture—if in any place or places in this wicked world, the people are kind, and benevolent, and solicitous for their fellow mortals in bondage, who are of a different hue, let us turn to it, and dwell a moment. I trust that the following statement of what has been done, and is doing for the poor African, in Rochester, is made from a pure desire to give 'honor where honor is due,' and to express that thankfulness which it becomes a people, oppressed by ignorance, avarice, and the laws of society, to show forth, on receiving great and blessed privileges kindly and gratuitously offered.

Near five years ago, certain gentlemen and ladies, among the Baptists and Presbyterians, established an African Sunday School, in this village, which has been blessed by God, beyond measure, and which is, to this day kept up, with an interest and spirit which does and must result in the greatest good. A few months since, some disinterested white gentlemen established a school for colored children and youth, hired a teacher and set him at work to raise a school, which prospered remarkably, and which was quite well attended. During the last winter, also, a petition to the Legislature of New-York was drawn up, signed, presented and passed, setting off a distinct District, as an African School District, entitled to its share of the public monies and other benefits usually enjoyed by such acts. In addition, it may be remarked, that clothes have been gratuitously furnished to colored children, shoes, books, wood, and indeed, where necessity demanded, or seemed to demand, the hand of charity has been extended by our white brethren towards us. Ministers of almost all the denominations among us, have alternately filled the desk where the colored people assembled, who have, by their actions and admonitions, and entreaties, and persuasive addresses, adopted to the understandings of the hearers, tried faithfully to raise the standard of character and of religious life among the low, and too much self-degraded colored population of this place. Their labors have not been in vain. A revival of religion, and a decidedly better state of character is manifest among our brethren.

I have used no names in this communication, for I know that I cannot add to that reward

which awaits such generous deeds. While thousands of our poor brethren writhe under slavery, whose shackles bind alike upon the body and the soul, and we are enjoying the smiles of Heaven, and find ourselves surrounded by those who would do us good, it is meet that while we pour out our whole souls in thankfulness to God, for his signal favor in having placed us in so favorable a spot, amidst the awful gloom of oppression that enshrouds the destinies of our race and color, that we should likewise record these acts of signal benevolence which are shewn us, if not for a pattern for others, as an act of justice to our disinterested friends here, who may lie under the broad and awful charge of cruelty and oppression, registered against too many of their fellow citizens. May God in his infinite wisdom, reward such exertions, and spread abroad that light and truth into the hearts of men, which is alone calculated to pull down the 'walls of separation' which have too long been built up between sects and colors, is the fervent prayer of

JOSIAH GREEN.

Rochester, N. Y.

A DIALOGUE ON SLAVERY.

[CONTINUED.]

Anti. I wish now, friend C. that you would give me your candid opinion of the justness of those laws, which I read to you at our last interview. What for instance must the state of society have been at that time, which not only tolerated, but enacted and enforced, laws so manifestly partial, unjust and cruel? I hope you have read them attentively.

Col. I have; and were such laws to be passed now in this enlightened age, no language could express the abhorrence I should feel on reading laws so cruel and arbitrary; but to form correct opinions of legislators, they must be judged by the age, in which they lived. The difference in the situation and circumstances of the people may have been so great, and the blacks were undoubtedly so ignorant, so depraved and so reckless of consequences as to render such laws absolutely necessary. If you will examine the New England Courant of Nov. 1724, you will find the following, which proves the truth of my supposition.

'SIR,—It is well known what loss the town of Boston sustained by fire not long since, when almost every night for a considerable time together some building or other, and some times several in the same night were either burnt to the ground or some attempts made to do it. 'Tis likewise known that these villanies were carried on by Negro servants; and one of them suffered death on the account. The town then thought it necessary to keep up a military watch, and afterwards to reinforce and give better encouragement to the common watch. These watchmen have done good service to the town, in taking up several companies of negroes at unreasonable hours and committing them to prison, who have been punished as the law directs. But should this watch, which the town has taken so much care to establish, be discouraged in their duty, 'tis easy to see that a door is open for the same calamities in the town by fire, the like whereof we never felt before from unruly servants, nor ever heard of the like happening to any place attended with the same circumstances. The watch are the greatest safeguard to the town in the night; and one would think that a man, who has an estate or care of his own to lose, would not in the least discourage them in their duty, much less affront and abuse them for performing it. But so it is that some men are so much above law and justice themselves, that they will not suffer their very slaves to be defiled with it. It happened lately at a very unreasonable hour, when the inhabitants of the town were at rest, that a party of the watch surprised about half a score servants of both sexes assembled at a free negro's house, with a large bowl of punch, and other necessary inducements to rudeness and disorder, raised by a free contribution among them. Upon their being routed by the watch, some made their escape, and others were taken and committed to prison, but instead of going thro' a course of justice, they were all released the next morning.

It has always been thought, and it is now apparent that gentlemen's negroes, nursed up for state only and kept in idleness and plenty, are the greatest plagues of the town, and communicate the infection to their fellow servants, for notwithstanding their quality they are company for tradesman's negroes, and if the former rob the brandy bottle, 'tis no doubt thought reasonable among them the latter should be as free with the powdering tab (beef barrel,) in order to complete their collations and raise a bounty for the Ethiopian householder, under whose roof they meet.'

By this extract you perceive that the blacks were so depraved, and their conduct so bad, that the strictness and severity of the laws were absolutely necessary. Were the blacks in this city, to conduct as badly now as they did then, would they not be punished as severely? The more vicious the people are, the more severe must the laws consequently be.

Anti. Were your assertions founded on fact, they would merit a reply, but as they are contrary to the principles of human nature, and all experience, I shall not reply, but explain: If you will examine attentively, you will perceive that those severe laws were passed in 1723, and the 'villany' you speak of was perpetrated in 1724. These laws therefore, were not the consequence of the 'villany,' but the producing cause of it, as I shall hereafter illustrate clearly. The crimes, to which you allude, were caused by the very severity of their prohibition; a very common error even in 'this enlightened age.'

Col. That is a new doctrine to me, and one which I cannot believe. It appears to me more probable, that those severe laws were enacted in consequence of some acts of wickedness not on record.

Anti. Your own quotation from the Courant settles that point. You will there read the following sentence: 'the like whereof we never felt before nor ever heard of the like,' &c. Is not that conclusive against your supposition?

Col. Why, yes, it seems somehow to spoil my theory in this one instance. There are many instances, however, which I can produce, that I feel satisfied will prove the incorrectness of your

'new doctrine.' But do you really mean to assert, that the more severe the penal code, the more vicious the people will consequently be?

Anti. I certainly do, and it results from a very obvious principle, but obvious as it is, it has been and is now strangely overlooked. The first settlers of this country prohibited certain unmentionable crimes by severe laws, which however were in a few years repealed. And what was the consequence? When the laws were repealed, the crimes ceased. Nitimur in vetitum, is a maxim, with which you are familiar, and I have no doubt that had the blacks been treated with humanity and kindness, instead of being subjected to the cruel and unnatural rigor of the law of 1723, the disasters of 1724 would never have occurred. I do not mean by this, that no law should be passed, for the opposite of wrong is not always right, but I do mean that beyond a certain point, the more severe the laws are, the more vicious will the people be, as a natural and necessary consequence, and I have no doubt, that the increasing severity of the laws, against the blacks, in the Southern States, will accelerate the very catastrophe they were designed to prevent. If the blacks were treated by the whites, as William Penn treated the Indians, they might rest as quietly as his colony did, and never dream of an insurrection. The same causes will produce the same effects. Human nature is essentially the same in every age, unmodified by the peculiar color of the skin. At our next interview, I will illustrate the natural consequences of severe laws, by a number of examples, which I have not now time to mention. If you have any 'instances' to the contrary, I hope you will be careful to see that they are facts, for one fact is worth a thousand theories.

Col. I will, for I am determined to furnish you no more arguments against myself. Good morning.

C—N.

Woburn, (Mass.) 11 mo. 5, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—In compliance with the urgent solicitations of our friends at Lowell, I again visited that place, and delivered another Lecture in the Town Hall, on last Sabbath evening. Whilst there, I learned that one of the papers in Lowell, edited by two Clergymen, had noticed my former lecture, and expressed favorable views of our sentiments, particularly in regard to the subject of colonization; whilst the Telegraph had come out on the opposite side in an editorial article, and also in a communication from a correspondent. I had an interview with the editor of the Telegraph, on the subject: he very frankly admitted that he had neither heard me, nor had he examined the subject. He introduced me to a gentleman, whom I understood to be the author of the communication; he also, with equal frankness, acknowledged that he neither heard me, nor had he investigated the subject, but he had always thought the Colonization Society was engaged in removing the evil of slavery in the best possible way. I soon satisfied him that what they meant by removing the evil of slavery was not its abolition, but, on the contrary, they regarded 'Slavery as a legitimate system, which they have neither inclination, interest nor ability to disturb.' I exhibited to him the character of the Society, as delineated in its last annual report; upon which he remarked, that he thought that report must have been designed only to be circulated at the South—that the people of New-England would never support a Society which they understood to hold such sentiments, and whose motives and principles were such as were there developed. Such I find almost universally the case with the advocates of the colonization scheme in New-England; they have taken it upon trust, from the representations of interested agents, without investigation, and when the true character of the scheme is explained to them, they cease to be its supporters.

From Lowell, I came yesterday to this place; and on arriving here, I learned that in consequence of a suggestion which I made, as I passed up, an appointment had been made for me to lecture in the evening, in the Congregational meeting house. A very respectable audience attended, including the Congregational and Baptist Clergymen. I was an entire stranger to them all; but I found them just such people as I like to find, honest, candid, intelligent; like the greater part of the people in New-England, they had supposed that the American Colonization Society had its origin in motives of benevolence, and that its object was the abolition of Slavery in our country. Under this mistaken view of the subject, they had contributed to its funds; but on being shown, from authentic documents, that the Colonization scheme originated with the legislature of Virginia, that its object was merely to get rid of the free colored people, by sending them 'to the Coast of Africa, the shore of the North Pacific, or to some other place' out of the United States, that however this may be esteemed as sound policy for slaveholders, it was not a scheme which philanthropists and christians could promote. Like honest men they heard, and with unprejudiced minds received the testimony, and on reflection their own reason convinced them, that it was indeed an ingeniously contrived scheme to render the slave system secure, lucrative, and perpetual. Truly I may say my soul has been made joyful, in witnessing the candor and intelligence of this people. As far as I can learn, every individual who attended the lecture, was satisfied with the views presented to them, on the different branches of the subject, and they evinced their approbation, by a liberal contribution to our funds. How pleasant indeed it is that christian principle, and christian feeling unite the sincere in heart of every name, in a holy brotherhood for promoting the temporal and eternal well being of the children of sorrow, of suffering and oppression in our land, and that the united aspirations of all such, continually ascend to the throne of Grace, that God in his infinite mercy will be pleased to hasten the day when Ethiopians shall stretch forth her hands to God. Adieu.

ARNOLD BUFFUM.

SLAVERY RECORD.



For the Liberator.

AHMED AND ZAYDA.

'May none these marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.'

BYRON.

Their parting hour was come. The rolling wave That bore them fether'd from their native land, Was pouring on their ears a heavy sound, The mockery of freedom! Once that voice Was joyous, as the song of mother's love Over her sleeping child. Once the glad swell Of waters, and of ocean winds, that struck The cliffs and reedy fringes of their shore, Gave out a voice of liberty. But now Those weeping waters told that they were slaves!

Oh, what a world of wretchedness is cooped Within the limits of that little word—

A slave! The ills of earth are numerous;—Pain, sickness, sorrow, poverty, and wrong, Dark calamity, heartless neglect, the pang Of broken friendship, crushed affection, sense Of pleasure flitted from the grasp Of hope's recall—but what are these, or all That poetry may image, or the heart Of human anguish suffer, to the deep, Dark, desolate, immedicable woe— Of slavery, bound on the soul for life!

They felt that they were slaves!—for how Could they but feel, when round their shrinking limbs

The driver's lash was curling!—every stroke Followed by blood, which down the soft, smooth limbs

Of female innocence—that never knew The taste of tears, till severed from her home— Flowed in red courses to the greedily sand!

Yes, they were slaves; but still their very woes Made them but dearer to each other's heart. They thought upon the days, when joyously They wandered in Dahomey's happy groves, And listened, in the red morn's glowing hour, To the cicada's song; or heard the gush Of rippling waters, and of cooling winds, While from the bosom of the glittering sea The bright round moon went up. Oh there was joy, And peace, and innocence. But now the hand Of tyranny had wrenched their hearts From all they lov'd—from all, but from themselves! And they must now be severed!

What must we

The anguish of the heart, when all its joys, And hopes, and fears, and fondest memories, And burning expectations of delight, Are all concentrated in one living form, One life, one thought, one breath!—and then to think,

To know, to feel, the sad reality, That that must part for ever?

Such the grief Which rent young Ahmed's heart, when round the neck

Of Zayda, for the last, last time, he threw The manly arm, that in the wood had torn The tiger's jaws, and saved her from his rage! But vain was now that snowy arm to keep The lash from curling round the tender form He loved far more than life. He bore it long, Resolved to linger in a last embrace, Till hope could breathe no more. Each way he turned

To save her from unfeeling, tyrant rage, Which would not spare one little fleeting hour Of parting, from their murdered life of love. The driver's voice was loud, and faster fell The heavy blows, till he could bear no more. He turned, and threw one pleading look to heaven, Another of defiance at the wretch Chid in a human form, resolved to move No more from the last thing on earth he loved. A blow down sweeping from the loaded whip Came on his throbbing temple, and he sunk, Stunned, bleeding, lifeless, at his Zayda's feet. She stood—but mov'd not—shriek'd not—gazing—till she fell

Across his bleeding form—heart-broken—dead!

ALEPH.

For the Liberator.

THE CRUELTY AND CONSEQUENCES OF SLAVERY.

Having been a resident of the south, I there had an opportunity of seeing slavery in its own native colors, and have often seen droves of slaves, with a white man riding behind them, and have viewed with horror the satisfaction expressed in his countenance. Some were weeping, some attempting to banish painful recollections by forced merriment, and others were passing along in gloomy silence; what agonies thought I, must parents have felt in parting with their offspring, parting, probably for ever. Had they been going to ease, wealth and honor, it might have been some alleviation to their distress, but it was to degradation, hard labor, and want: to the lash and the torture, and it may be to death, to gnat the rage of a tyrant's feelings; agonies, which no words can express, must have overwhelmed the husband when he sees that his wife is among the number; he sees the chains made fast upon her, and she departs (O! horrid, insupportable thought!) to be gone for ever, to suffer the most brutal violation, without power to complain; to drag out a wretched life under the lash, to breathe her last sigh like the beasts that perish in the field, without a friend to comfort her, she must take the last

look of her husband and her tender offspring—their cries and leave them behind. Every tie of hope breaks through the gloom to encounter their steps; to banish the very names of parents, husbands, and liberty, from their recollection. This is no fancy picture, but dismal reality; neither is it a singular case, but what happens every year, and what happens every month. Americans, hear this to your shame and hundreds of your citizens have been excited to feelings on behalf of the liberty of Palestine, other nations, and cheerfully join in celebrating the triumph of France, how few have the feelings plead the cause of liberty at home!

What infatuation has possessed you who practice of buying and selling men as domestic life, who were born in the same country with yourselves, and who profess with you the benignity of Jesus Christ! Shall you talk of feeling American patriots? How extravagantly proud you are! though every one thinks of you with age with horror while he is selling his property, no one considers him capable of acting bravely, is a stranger to meekness and civilization, he is and his heart are alike unfettered in the same morality, and he knows not the name or visage of Jesus. He acts precisely in the character of a nation, but she is no savage nation, who is guilty of the injustice of which we speak. She is not either to science or civilization. Her progress with literature, and her pulpit and her bar her eloquence on the ear of her listening audience. It is she who has shaken off the yoke of oppression, whose constitution proclaims every man be born free, who proudly waves the flag of liberty in the gale, and looks with scorn and contempt every tyrant in the world. It is she who has national freedom and happiness reside with alone; and it is she who gives her voice to slavery in all its horrors. O, monstrous ingratitude to her Almighty Benefactor! inconsistency, admits of nothing to excel it. The slave is not only one that is injured. There is a God in heaven and a just one, who as he regards his own people must look down upon this infamous system with indignation. His magnificent gift of liberty we enjoy, has been abused; his law, to which every rational being, every nation owes implicit obedience, has been violated with the most daring impunity. Philadelphia, Oct.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

The annexed article from a late Jamaica paper will be read with feelings of high gratification. Gallant conduct of Lieutenant Warren. We have already stated the capture by his Majesty's schooner, of the 'Placenta' Spanish schooner and also of the 'Aquila,' another brig, with 616 slaves; but what will our readers think, when we assert, that the same vessel had another slave schooner to her list of captures, making a total of 1000 slaves, in the shortest and a unprecedented period of less than three months. And we consider we should not be doing justice to the zeal and ability displayed by Lieutenant Warren, should we neglect to state a few particulars relative to the capture of the 'Aquila,' the largest and most victorious slavers out of the port of 330 tons, with a crew of 70 men, eight 32 pounders, and two twelve pounders; and 38 guns, with seventy men. The brig had a stern, which gave her additional advantage over gallant little opponent. The brig was seen at light in the morning of the 3d of June, and immediately chased by the Speedwell, whose superior sailing soon convinced her Captain that he had hopes of escape; on which he shortened sail, and to man-of-war style, to engage. The result an engagement at sea, would perhaps not be of interest to our readers. Suffice it to say, that an action of an hour, with pistol shot, the struck her colors to the Speedwell. The capture of the Speedwell, is about 90, while the 'Aquila' 330, and fitted out in the most splendid manner with a picked crew of 91 men! Yet notwithstanding this disparity, Lieutenant Warren engaged, and he was nobly supported by his crew. On the possession, some difficulty occurred as to the sale of the prisoners; but with men who could form such deeds of daring nothing was impossible. The crew was divided between the brig and schooner, and 70 men placed in iron, by 50 of the John Bull breed, and the brig safely navigated to Havana! On nearing that Port, the excellent shore was very great to see a rock boat, one of the finest vessels belonging to Cuba, and as a prize; and so annoyed was the Spanish error at a circumstance which he said, reflected credit upon the national character, that the ship has been sentenced to prison, for ten years.

WEST INDIES.—A very unhappy state of the city, and on many accounts, appears to exist in Jamaica. Highly excited political differences added to the constant fears of another outbreak of the negroes, and several confagurations have been kindled, and alarming riots taken place, with changes of volleys of musketry! A fierce persecution against the Baptist and Methodist preachers prevails;—and two obnoxious individuals have been torred and feathered at Savannah-la-Mar. The governor, the earl of Mulgrave, was making a hasty tour through the island, and endeavoring to conciliate the differences among the people. It seems, however, that some of his proceedings have much offended many. Things are in a bad way in Jamaica—and awful events may be apprehended. There is a party which openly talks of rebellion, or, at least, of obtaining the protection of some power that will defend them in the possession of their slaves and other 'lawful property.'

Some of the windward islands were suffering much for the want of provisions—necessitating the opening of the West India ports! Partial supplies had been sent from Barbadoes.

There are distressing accounts from Hayti, the third of the city of Port au Prince has been destroyed by fire—the work of incendiaries, who have solved, it is said, that no brown man shall tread the soil of the island—and it is reported that General Boyer, who is a brown man, or of mixed blood, had fled. [A sheer fabrication, doubtless.]

Suspensions are entertained at New Orleans Judge Workman, whose supposed loss was paid a few days since, may have come to his death, the hands of two negroes who were with him on board on his return from Judge Heron's. One hundred dollars reward has consequently been offered for the discovery and production of the blacks, it is feared, is still in the possession of the blacks. We observe Judge Workman's name among subscribers of \$100 annually for ten years, in the American Colonization Society.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Murder.—The body of Richard N. C. was buried in the morning. The victim, it is said, was a stone, and survived but a few days.

JAMAICA.—The Baptist clergy at Savannah-la-Mar, have been away, which, it is said, has caused some disturbance.

Two negroes, counting upon their freedom, were sentenced to be hanged.

JUVENILE

From the Liberator. The Liberator. I can't say. Whose? With? I went. Which? But I can't say. He had. It would. Were. And so. At. But I can't say. Said. Thought. And. The. Was. Bat. Have. Nor. Can. Oh, no. Whose? To. Was. Faint. Go. And. There was. Hearing his. When he. Him. Jam. This was. Without. God. Dinner, and. Kled the. Lord. Sorry. Wrong for. His mother. And she. We will. All food. They begged. With their. Perhaps. To do just. Right for. That is. Full of food. Hearts at. To do it. Also.

A child, father, who. Children. Boy, sighed. Broom, my. I will. Time, the. Thoughtful.

SAT. His recent. Next week. Meros. Included to. And until.

ANTI-SL. The Lib. the proce. the Bapti. of other. relative to. aries in J. been treat. of slavery. protection. mised the. ed, that i. the abom. recent oc. to satisfy. he said, a. a continu. extinction. ing appe. fluence to. mind, as

MURDER.—On the 16th, a colored man, the property of Richard Felton, Esq. of Perquimans County, N. C. was murdered by a slave belonging to Kedar Felton. The aggressor without any immediate provocation, is said to have knocked down his victim by a stone, and stabbed him with a knife; the latter survived but a few minutes.

JAMAICA. W. L.—Fresh riots have taken place at Savanah-la-mar. The house of Mr. Kingden, a Baptist clergyman, was destroyed on the 5th of Aug. A negro woman of the name of Marge has run away, which her owner, with true West India politeness, describes as having 'absented herself.'

Two negroes, charged with breaking open the counting room of Messrs. Nelson and Stockell, in Petersburg, Va. have been found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the 2d of next month.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.



From the Cincinnati Daily Gazette.
THE LITTLE NEGRO BOY.

'I cannot wash it off,'—
Said the little negro boy;
Whose countenance ne'er shone
With the beaming light of joy—
I went down to the river
While my master's people slept;
But I could not wash it off,
Said the negro boy, and wept.

He had looked upon his master's child,
And thought, with what delight
It would fill his little breaking heart,
Were his brow so pure and white:
And softly to the river's brink,
At early dawn he crept,
But 'I cannot wash it off,'
Said the negro boy—and wept!

Though dark his brow as ebony,
And sable was his skin;
The gentle mind that he possessed,
Was pure and fair within;
But the Ethiopian dyer, which guilt and sin
Have spread o'er human clay,
Nor Pharos nor Abana's stream
Can cleanse or wash away.

Oh, no!—but there's a fountain,
Whose sacred source is heav'n,
Whose ever living waters
To a sinful world are given;
'Wash in that Jordan,' and be cleansed,
Faith hears the spirit say—
'Go to that ever and holy stream,
And wash those stains away.'

There was a minister in Virginia, who had a little son named James. This little boy was very fond of hearing his father tell about Christ, and often wept when he heard of all that the wicked Jews did to him. James knew that his father never sat down to any meal without asking a blessing, and he thought this was right, because our food can do us no good without God's blessing. One day James went into dinner, and saw his father was abroad. Nobody asked the Lord's blessing. This made the dear little child sorry, and he said to his mother, 'Will it be wrong for such a little boy as I am to ask a blessing?' His mother smiled, but the tears were in her eyes, and she said, 'No my son, it will not be wrong; we will all be still until you pray God to bless our food.' Then little James put his hands together, and begged that the Lord would give them all a blessing with their dinner.

Perhaps it would not be right for all little boys to do just so. But I will tell you what would be right for all little boys and all little girls to do; and that is to think God in their hearts for every mouthful of food. We ought to ask God's blessing in our hearts at all times; and at proper times we ought to do it aloud.

A child, about eight years of age, once asked his father, why he did not pray for him, as some good parents, of whom he had read, used to pray for their children. The father, looking steadfastly at his dear boy, sighed and wept, and pressing his child to his bosom, said, no wonder I have not prayed for you, my dear; I have never prayed for myself. 'Then I will pray for you papa,' said the child. After this time, the father and mother of the little boy, became thoughtful, praying people.

BOSTON.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1832.

Mr. Garrison has returned to the city from his recent tour, and will resume his editorial duties next week. In order to satisfy the inquiries of numerous friends, it is proper to state that he has concluded to postpone his contemplated mission to England until the ensuing spring.

ANTI-SLAVERY PROCEEDINGS IN ENGLAND.

The Liverpool Mercury details, at full length, the proceedings of a great meeting held there by the Baptist Missionary Society, at which members of other religious denominations were present, relative to the persecution of the Baptist missionaries in Jamaica. It was stated that they had been treated with great cruelty, by the supporters of slavery in that island, in utter disregard of that protection, which the laws and government promised them. 'Mr. Cairns, the Chairman, remarked, that if any persons remained unconvinced of the abominable tendency of the slave system, the recent occurrences in Jamaica must be sufficient to satisfy them. The principles of Christianity, he said, are in utter opposition to the system, and a continual struggle must be maintained, until the extinction of slavery is accomplished. The meeting appeared fully resolved to use their utmost influence to produce such an effect upon the public mind, as is requisite to entire emancipation.'

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Mr. Knibb, one of the missionaries returned from Jamaica, stated, that the first intelligence which he received, of the intention of the slaves to recover their liberty, was about a week before Christmas, when a black man, named Stephen James, told him, that the slaves on Chatham estate had resolved not to work, unless they were paid for it, as the King had given them freedom, and they were resolved to have it. Mr. Knibb informed them, that no such thing as their freedom had arrived, and that if any slave refused to continue his master's work, he should be excommunicated. In an address delivered afterward in a chapel, he told the slaves that they had been deluded by designing men, that the king had not offered them freedom, and conjured them, if they loved the friends who had built them a chapel, and sent them a missionary, to go peacefully to their work. He exerted himself with such success, that on eighty estates, the slaves brought in the rebels, and on forty, they armed themselves in defence of their masters. Of 980 church members, only three were tried, and the evidence was not sufficient to condemn them. Almost every estate saved, was preserved by the exertions of Christian slaves of different denominations! What stronger testimony could slaveholders have, if they would receive it, of the beneficial tendency, even respecting the safety of their own lives and property, of instructing the slaves in knowledge and religion!

When the apprehended slaves were on their trial, they were told, that if they wished to 'save themselves, they must inform of any preacher who had encouraged them to rebel. But in a population of 16,000, not one was found to accuse a missionary. While Mr. Knibb was persuading the slaves to continue their masters' work, he was impressed and enrolled as a private soldier, though he appealed to the order of government, which directed that no missionary should be compelled to bear arms. He was soon after arrested, though he never informed why, refused permission to see his wife and children, or even to write to them, marched by a file of soldiers, with two other missionaries, through the streets, put into an open boat, and with his feet soaked in water, conveyed twenty miles to Montego Bay. There they were marched through the town, and when their wives came to bring them drink, a bayonet was put between them! When in the court, he happened to fall upon a bed, on which the sentinel cried—'If you do not rise this instant, you rascal, I will stab you to the heart!' When in the jury box, being faint, he asked permission to rest, but the soldier said—'If you stir, I will stab you! and I should be glad to do it. You will be shot in the morning, and I rejoice that I shall have a hand in it!' After being kept a prisoner for six weeks, he went home, and was told that a party had resolved to tar and feather him! Another missionary, in his house at Falmouth, was attacked by a mob of white men, who knocked him and his wife down! then tarred and feathered him, and set him on fire!

Mr. Knibb stated further, that a black man, ten pounds for life, had been offered to a free colored man, to swear against the lives of Messrs. Gardner and Burchell, and that he afterward confessed it. He said that a black had been hung for destroying property, and that the slaves were accused of destroying the chapels, but he could prove that it was done by their accusers. A party of whites went to the house of Mr. Baylies, a missionary, broke the windows, and fired their guns across the bed where his wife and child were lying; and when a black man gave an alarm, they stabbed him with their bayonets in six places, and left him weltering in his blood. Mr. John Manderson, a free colored man, came to Mr. Knibb when he was sick, and told him, that he feared he had lost many thousand dollars by the rebellion, but he would share his last dollar with him! A benevolent Jew came forward to defend the missionaries from the assaults of the mob; and when they were conducted through the streets, guarded them with a pistol, saying—'Fear not! I will shoot the first wretch that assaults you!' Mr. Knibb related several anecdotes respecting the slaves. One of them, for offering a prayer that Mr. Knibb might recover from his sickness, was severely whipped, and worked in chains for two weeks! Another was flogged, and kept in confinement three months, for teaching the slaves religion. A black man, named Richard Brown, purchased his own freedom, with that of his wife, built him a house, and afterward gave freedom to a female slave, about to be sold for debt; and this, and several other instances were related, to show that the blacks were disposed to be industrious. Mr. Knibb said, he could not pray for gradual emancipation; but he could both pray and speak for immediate emancipation; and he would do it, as long as God gave him health and strength!

At the Liverpool meeting in favor of the slaves, the Rev. Mr. Barry, a Methodist minister, remarked, that indifference on the subject of slavery was criminal! He said it was the duty of every individual to bear testimony against its evils! Until the British government destroyed the system, no missions could prosper in Jamaica! The tendency of religious instruction, so far as it had taken effect, had been to make the slaves good members of society. The demoralizing effects of the slave system had been partially ameliorated inasmuch that marriage was becoming honorable among the slaves. One great cause of the hostility of the planters against missions was, the knowledge that religious instruction is perfectly incompatible with a state of slavery! He said that the intellectual powers of the negroes was as great as those of any people in the world! Some of the sharpest minds, and most powerful intellects he had met, were found among the free blacks of Jamaica! He said, place the black man in favorable circumstances, and he will be found capable of exercising the best feelings of humanity! If it had not been for the attachment

of the blacks, not a missionary would have returned to England, and not a chapel have been left standing in Jamaica! He concluded, by remarking, that the time is fast approaching, when Great Britain dare not postpone the question of attention to the subject! They had heard enough of gradual emancipation—nothing would be effectual but immediate and total abolition! He sat down amid the loud applause of the assembly.

Many other gentlemen spoke on the subject, and were greeted with loud and continued applause. The whole tenor of their remarks, and the united sense of the meeting, were in favor of IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION.

HOME.

In this affectionate term is comprised all that is valuable in memory, and in imagination. As we look back to the early days, when youth and innocence smiled upon our pillows, wandered with us in the fields, climbed the mountains, and traced the cheerful rills that gladden our shores, the fountains of delight in our bosoms, which the hand of Time had half covered over with the moss and weeds of accumulating years, gush forth afresh; and association tunes her harp of a thousand chords, to emulate the melody that then gladdened our hearts with the joys of youthful satisfaction.

The love of home seems to form a constituent of the human mind. It has given vigour to the arm of the warrior, and animation to the song of the bard. 'God and our Native Land,' has formed the watchword of battle, and been echoed in the death song of many a valiant heart. The hoary top of St. Gothard, and the long resounding cliffs of the Appennines, have listened to the Shepherd's song of home; while the less enthusiastic, but not less affectionate inhabitants of the hills of New-England, and the sojourner who makes his abode in the far extended valleys of the West, has felt in his heart an increasing glow, as he has calmly, but exultingly thought—

'This is my own, my Native Land!'

So far from being a childish emotion, an affection for home has been a characteristic of some of the most eminent minds of ancient and modern times. The Emperor Vespasian loved to retire from the fatigues of war and state, to cultivate his Sabine farm. And he, who within the past thirty years shook more than half the thrones of Europe to their centre, remarked, that he could find the way among his native hills blundered! Before Charles the fifth retired to the Monastery of St. Justus, he went to visit the place of his nativity; and Henry the fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp during the siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Volambr, where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with milk, cheese and fruit.

To an inhabitant of the pleasant and peaceful villages of New-England, a thousand delightful associations add their charms, to increase the love which we cherish for the spot, where our youthful and redolent daughters of Time—the Past—the Present—and the Future—in our ready imagination, seem to be hovering around our heads. We recall, with gratitude to our fathers, and to that Heaven which smiled upon their endeavours, the remembrance of those eventful times, when these shores were peopled, and when they were ransomed from the control of foreign domination. We picture to our delighted fancy, the time

When o'er these plains, with birch and maple crowned,

The wild deer wandered, and the red man frowned,
When the first glimpses of the morning broke
On vales of pine, and endless groves of oak,
From whose green vistas, bright with flowers and dew,

The wild bird sung, the wigwam glimmered through
Here oft in chase the deer was seen to pant,
Plunge in the waves, or seek his wonted haunt.
On yon green hill, the Indian war whoop rung,
In yon green vale, the song of peace was sung,
When round the oak, conflicting chiefs were set,
To pour the horn, and light the calumet.

Then glowed the bosom of the dark-browed maid,
As in the green depths of the forest shade,
She wreathed with flowers the youthful chieftain's hair,

And kissed his brow in silent gladness there.

Then rose, at eve, the Pilgrim's grateful song,
And his deep prayer rolled forth the woods along,
Then night came onward, and the sad voiced owl
Sent her lone cadence to the wolf's long howl.

And oft, at midnight, when the desert storm
Broke o'er the fields, their beauty to deform,
Hurling the branches of the oak on high,
Leaving the cottage roofless to the sky,
Or—worse than woes of elemental strife,

The savage death shot, and the reckless knife,
Which knew no mercy, from the locks of grey,
To the fresh brow that in the cradle lay,
How shrunk the pilgrim's heart, amid his care,
Lest God should give his labors to despair!

Those fears are over, with the pilgrim's toil—
He sleeps in peace beneath the blood drenched soil:

But while exulting in the pilgrim's cause,
The voice of truth and justice bids us pause,
With heartfelt sympathy, to shed the tear
Above the red man's wrongs, and fate severe.
His were the happy shores our fathers found,
His, by God's gift, each hard fought battle ground,
He fought, as you would fight, with heart and hand,

To ward destruction from his native land.
He bared his breast, and dared the manly strife,
To save his sire, his daughter, and his wife.
Think ye he loved them?—Ask the fate he met,
How deep his heart on home and friends was set:
He raised no Christian prayer, that God would deign

To strew with Christian bones his native plain,
But the Great Spirit in the woods he sought,
And bowed his heart to God in prayer untainted.

He failed, and o'er his forest hope
Towers the tall fabric, and the lofty dome.
On high the hand of art has sent
The column and the monument,
To tell the triumph and the pride
Of white men who in battle died,
And of their sons to whom is given
The treasures from the Child of nature riven,
But through each wood, and o'er each battle ground,

No mark of Indian foot is found.
They died—and left no trace,
Or record of their valiant race,
Save that their conquerors record
The triumphs of their keener sword,
And bards relate, how in the forest gray,
Their last sad death song died away.

We leave the red man to slumber in the forest,
Through whose recesses so often he chased the deer,
and brought down the eagle from the mountain top. Our path is through pleasant villages, inhabited by men of another color—another language—another faith. Beautiful houses, tenanted by white men, rear their shining walls amid fields of yellow grain and mellow fruit—and barns filled with the treasures of industry, and tall spires, shooting lightly toward heaven, from whose altars the prayers of piety ascend in gratitude to the Giver of all Good.

Our Independence is achieved, and we have not now to brighten our armor, and nerve our hearts for the conflict—but to recline in the repose of our sanctuaries—to sit in the shadow of our trees, with grateful voices to praise, and with cheerful hearts to enjoy the privileges and the blessings of our tranquil lot. Through the indulgence of a beneficent Providence, we have not now to 'lie down, year after year, with lighted thunderbolts,' to watch the coming battle. Upon us have fallen the more agreeable duties of cultivating domestic peace, and social harmony. To enhance the civilities of polished life; to obliterate the records of error and of passion; to cherish the arts of peace, and foster the indications of genius; to indulge the delights of rational friendship, and the claims of neighborly intercourse; to increase the amount of literary and mental excellence, and to promote the charities and the affections which flow from well regulated hearts.

But where is the home of the Slave? For him no cheerful fireside is lighted—no roof spreads its genial shadow over his peaceful slumbers—no wife prepares his food, and smooths his pillow—no child extends its joyful arms to meet him with a smile. He is homeless—friendless—heartless. For him the sun shines not—the dew and the rain fall not. All the blessings of earth are for others, and himself is the property of the unfeeling and the tyrannical. When will those who exult in the excellence of our free government, be willing that all shall enjoy its benefits? When will Christians become indeed the disciples of Him who died for all, and extend to the slave the blessings of the gospel? When will the black man find a home in the bosom of the white man? When will the wretched cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?

POLAND. The state of affairs in Poland must be deplorable indeed. All persons capable of bearing arms, and not owners of property, are subject to become soldiers in the Russian army! A law provides that all male children, poor, or orphans, or the sons of invalids, shall be taken; and of such, six hundred have been carried off from Warsaw! One woman was arrested for exclaiming, in the distraction of her feelings, at the atrocities of the police—'God grant that Nicholas may be drowned in the tears of widowed mothers and orphan children!'

ATHENEUM PICTURES.—The two great paintings now exhibiting in the Athenaeum Gallery, are highly deserving the attention of amateurs. They are the strongest and most finished pictures we have ever seen. They represent the Temptation of Adam in the Garden, and his Expulsion from Paradise. The former is the most pleasing, and the latter the strongest picture. The designs and execution of both are admirable, and the figures stand out in such strong relief, that they appear more like sculpture than paintings. These pictures, which are upwards of 12 feet by 10, were painted by Dabufe, for Charles X, at an expense of 1,500 guineas; a small sum, when compared with their merit. On the confiscation of the French King's estate, they were carried to England and exhibited, and afterward purchased by an English gentleman. We are not pleased to observe, that two afternoons in the week are set apart exclusively for ladies; as there is nothing in the exhibition, which the most refined and enlightened modesty need hesitate to visit and view, in the company of any friends.

INDIAN BIOGRAPHY.—This valuable and interesting work, written by Mr. Samuel G. Drake, contains the lives of more than two hundred Indian chiefs and natives, with their most celebrated speeches, and notices of Indian wars. The design is a good one, to preserve some suitable memento of the heads of the great and numerous tribes which once occupied our shores, and which have nearly vanished beneath the tread of civilization. The curious antiquary will find much information, and the desultory reader much pleasure in the perusal of this volume. Mr. Drake has given us good and authentic accounts of Miantinno, Sassacus, Philip, Red Jacket, Tecumseh, and many others of early and recent history, who have been the friends and enemies of our settlements, and we recommend his work to the notice of those who are curious to inquire into the interesting affairs of the early history of New England, and desirous of becoming acquainted with the lives of a brave and powerful race of men, whose names are now numbered with those beyond the flood.

DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—A letter from England, brings information of the death of Sir Walter Scott. He died on the 22d September. His age was 61 years.

LYNN LYCEUM.—A Lyceum has been established in the eastern village of Lynn, called Wood-end, which is very popular, and promises to become productive of much usefulness. The introductory lecture was delivered by Mr. Jonathan T. Davis, and is said to have afforded great pleasure to the hearers. Other lectures have been delivered by Pickering Dodge, Robert Rantoul, jr. &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication of our friend A. S. is received.

In reply to this question, whether copies of Rankin's Letters may not be obtained at the bookstores, we reply, we think not. We have seen but one copy, and that was sent us by a friend from Cincinnati. We advise our readers to save their files of the Liberator, they will then have entire copies of this, and many other valuable publications.

ATTEMPT TO KILL.—On Saturday evening, a stranger, dressed as a sailor, entered the oyster shop kept by Mr. M. Dyer in Ann Street, where he seated himself and said nothing. Having remained some time in a kind of daze, or mental abstraction, Mr. Dyer wishing to induce him to depart, accosted him gently to that effect, thinking he might possibly be under the influence of liquor. To this he appeared to yield acquiescence—at least, made no resistance; but no sooner had he reached the street, Mr. Dyer accompanying him, than he drew a large jack-knife and made several violent thrusts at Mr. Dyer, who fortunately escaped with but a slight wound on the face and another on the hand. The assailant then attempted to make off, but was finally taken into custody by the city watchmen. He calls his name Oliver Johnson, and says he had just arrived from New York. He was examined yesterday, and was ordered to recognize in the sum of \$500 for his appearance at the Municipal Court now in session. The knife in question was taken from him at the time of his arrest, and was produced in Court. Had it been of a different construction—say sharp pointed—it was the opinion of the Court that Dyer would have been inevitably killed.—*Traveler.*

Mail Robbery. A slip from the office of the Northampton Courier, dated Nov. 1st, says: 'The great western mail was stolen from behind the mail coach this morning, between this town and Chesterfield, and notwithstanding the vigilant exertions of our postmaster and the citizens on the road, no trace of it has yet been discovered. Three fellows were seen lurking about the stage-house just before the stage left, and they unquestionably are the perpetrators of the robbery. The mail probably was taken into the adjoining woods, and rifled of its contents, (the value of which cannot yet be known,) long before this time. Every exertion is making to recover the mail and apprehend the robbers, and the reward of fifty dollars, offered by our postmaster, is hoped, will induce the young men on the mail route, to make a vigorous effort to secure them.'

The great western mail, stolen on the 1st of the month between Northampton and Chesterfield, was found on the day following about four miles from Northampton, the contents scattered around on the ground.—*Bus. Trans.*

MURDER IN MISSOURI.—A letter received from St. Louis, relates that on the 9th inst. a young man in that city by the name of Graves was shot by a fellow clerk, by the name of Mitchell, through the body, while behind the counter.—Graves fell, Mitchell walked to the door—returned—drew a second pistol, and reached over the counter and shot a trace of Davis through the neck downward into the chest. Graves died in a few moments.

Courier and Enquirer.

Accident.—At the false alarm office, about 12 o'clock last Saturday night, a horse attached to the Catawac Engine, No. 14, became fractious, backed again; one of the members who held the tongue of the engine, forcing him against the brakes, and bruising him in the side and stomach very severely.

THE ALMS HOUSE IN DORCHESTER was set on fire last Saturday by a colored woman, one of the inmates. It was discovered before any material damage was done. The woman is in custody. It is supposed she set the barn on fire a few days since.

Death of the Rev. Mr. Barr.—The Richmond Compiler of Monday announces the death, on Sunday preceding, after a short and severe illness, of the Rev. J. W. BARR, one of the Missionaries to the interior of Africa, who was about to embark in the Ship JEFFERY, to sail in a day or two from this port for Liberia. Mr. Barr left here a few days since for Richmond, and had made an appointment to preach in the Presbyterian Church in that City, on the day on which he bid adieu to all earthly concerns.

The Duchess De Berri.—The Gazette de Normandie says: 'Whilst at Nantes they are breaking through the doors of convents to look for the Duchess de Berri, she has been received with regard and respect in Holland, where she has just arrived, and where she will shortly embrace her family and her children.'

His ex-Majesty Charles X, the Duke of Burgundy and suite, sailed from Leith for Hamburg, September 18.

Don Pedro's Expedition.—There are no later accounts from Portugal. Reinforcements to aid the cause of Don Pedro were continually departing.

Letters received at this office from Nov. 3, to November 10, 1832.

N. C. Conners, Albany, N. Y.; Anthony Freeman, Geneva, N. Y.; B. Colman, Salem, Mass.; James Leach, Chillicothe, Ohio; H. E. Benson, Providence, R. I.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

ON Wednesday, the 5th day of December next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. on the premises; I shall sell by order, and under the license of the Court of Probate in Suffolk County, the following described Real Estate, late of James Gould deceased, for the payment of his debts and incidental charges, namely—a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated at the westerly part of West Boston, in a court leading from Pelham Street, near the African Church, and is bounded as follows: easterly on land now or late of Joseph Powers, there measuring 29 feet; southerly on a twenty foot passage way, there measuring 17 feet 6 inches; westerly on land now or late of William Lancaster, there measuring 29 feet; northerly on land now or late of James Tucker, there measuring 17 feet 6 inches, or however otherwise bounded with all the privileges and appurtenances belonging to the same.

PRINUS HALL, EXECUTOR.
DANIEL HESLEY, Auctioneer.

A CARD.

RESPECTABLE PERSONS OF COLOR, (none else) can be accommodated at the house of PETER CARLIER, No. 19, Powell-street, PHILADELPHIA.

LITERARY.

THE SOUTHAMPTON EMIGRANT'S REPLY
TO A COLONIZATIONIST WHO ASKED HIM
IF HE WERE WILLING TO EMIGRATE.

Are we willing?—Ay, truly; ye give to the slave
A last, final resting-place; namely, the grave:
Yea, deep under earth I would rather recline,
Than walk on its face in a country like thine.

We ask ye for bread, and ye give us a rod;
We must kneel to our masters, but not to our God;
We think of our rights, and ye drive us away—
Ye hate us, ye fear us; and justly ye may.

I shall leave this lov'd land to a desert to go;
I shall leave my young bride far behind—be it so.
What I win from the soil no hard master shall
Crave,
I shall give to no offspring the life of a slave.

'Tis a century now, since our fathers ye bore,
By the blaze of their huts, from the African shore;
And now, that their sons to their home are restor'd,
The blaze of their dwellings may light them on board.

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air
Have nests—but the black has a dwelling place—
Where?

Ye trample him down like a venomous brute,
Ye leave him no rest for the sole of his foot.

To a land of diseases and death we repair,
In hope that no tyrants will follow us there.
Hail! serpents and lions and tigers and bears;
Your aspects, though foul, are more lovely than theirs.

Ask the oak, if its top from its summit would bend;
Ask the streams, if the mountains they fain would
Ascend;

Ask the sun-beams, if out of their course they
Would stray;

Then, ask of the black, 'Art thou willing to stay?'

O yes, we are willing; the awful, the strong,
The Lord God Almighty, has borne with ye long;
His mercy exhausted we fear—and we fly
Lest he visit the land, and with ye we should die.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

'She put him on a snow-white shroud,
A chaplet on his head;
And gathered early primroses
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave—
'Twas hard to lay him there,
When Spring was putting forth his flowers,
And every thing was fair.

She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone;
And day and night she sat and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo! her child
Stood by her weeping too!

His shroud was damp, his face was white;
He said, 'I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet;
Oh mother, do not weep.'

Oh, love is strong!—the mother's heart
Was filled with tender fears;
Oh, love is strong!—and for her child,
Her grief restrained her tears.

One eve a light shroud round her bed,
And there she saw him stand—
Her infant in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

'Lo, mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more!
And beautiful the parting smile,
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave,
He laid his weary head;
And soon the early violets
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked of Heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

From the Journal of Commerce.

'The devout among the Musselmans of India
Awake at certain hours of the night to pray.'

THE ESHAA NAMAAR.

OR PRAYER OF THE FOURTH WATCH.

It is the hour of prayer,
Night's holy noon;
Her solemn music in the air,
Her lamp the Moon.

Wanderer from the sky,
Now plume thy wing,
Mount high, where seraphs fly
And joyous sing.

And tune their golden lyres
To praise of Him
Of all created things the Sire,
'The Holy One.

Thy home is not on earth,
A pilgrim here,
Now send thy sky-born spirit forth,
The foot-stool near

Of Heaven's eternal King,
Then pour thy store
Of penitence and tears—they'll bring
The treasures more

Than Judah's monarch knew;—
'Then bend the knee,
While night's silver dew
Lies heavily.

Oh 'tis the sacred hour of prayer,
Night's holy noon!
Her solemn music in the air,
Her lamp the Moon.

A. D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COLISEUM.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

At the hour of noon, on the feast of the Pass-
over, an old man, accompanied by a girl, appar-
ently his daughter, entered the Coliseum at Rome.
They immediately passed through the arena, and
seeking a solitary chasm among the arches of the
southern part of the ruin, selected a fallen column
for their seat, and, clasping each other's hands, sat
in silent contemplation of the scene. But the eyes
of the girl were fixed upon her father's lips: his
countenance, sublime and sweet, but motionless as
some Praxitelean image of the greatest of poets, filled
the air with smiles reflected from external forms.

It was the great feast of the Resurrection, and
the whole native population, together with the for-
eigners, who flock from all parts of the earth to
contemplate its celebration, were assembled round
the Vatican. The most awful religion in the world
went forth surrounded with the embroidery of mor-
tal greatness, and mankind had assembled to won-
der at and worship the creation of its own power.
No stranger was to be met with in the avenues that
led to the Coliseum. Accident had conducted the
father and daughter to the spot, immediately on
their arrival.

A figure, only visible at Rome in night or soli-
tude, and then only to be seen amid the desolated
temples of the Forum, or gliding among the gal-
leries of the Coliseum, or the ruined arches of the
Baths of Caracalla, crossed their path.

His form, that, though emaciated, displayed the
elementary outline of exquisite grace, was envel-
oped in an ancient chlamys which concealed his
face. 'It was a face once seen, never to be
forgotten. The lips and the moulding of the chin
resembled the eager and impassioned tenderness of
the shapes of Annas; but instead of the effemi-
nate softness of the eye, and the narrow smooth-
ness of the forehead, shone an expression of pro-
found and piercing thought. His brow was clear
and open, and his eyes deep, like two wells of crys-
talline water, which reflect the all beholding heavens.

Over all was spread a timid expression of diffidence
and reticement, which intermingled strangely with
the abstract and fearless character which predomi-
nated in his form and gesture. He avoided in an
extraordinary degree, what is called society, but was
occasionally seen to converse with some accom-
plished foreigner, whose appearance might attract
him in his solemn haunts. He spoke Italian with
fluency, though with a peculiar but sweet accent.
There was no circumstance connected with him that
gave the least intimation of his country, his
origin, or his occupations. He was for ever alone.

Such was the figure which interrupted the con-
templation (if they were so engaged) of the stran-
gers, in the clear and exact, but unadorned phrase
of their native language.

'Strangers, you are two—behold the third in this
great city, to whom alone the spectacle of these
ruins is more delightful than the pageantry of re-
ligion.'

'I see nothing,' said the old man.
'What do you hear, then?'

'I listen to the sweet singing of the birds, the
humming of the bees, which, and the sound of my
daughter's breathing, compose me like the soft mur-
mur of waters; and this sun-warm wind is pleas-
ant to me.'

'Wretched old man; know you not that these
are the ruins of the Coliseum?'

'Blind!' he exclaimed, in a tone of suffering
which was more than an apology, and seated him-
self apart in a flight of shallow and noisy steps,
which wound up among the labyrinthine of the ruin.

'My sweet Helen,' said the old man, 'you did
not tell me that this was the Coliseum.'

'How should I tell you, dearest father, what I
knew not? I was on the point of inquiring the
way to that building when we entered the circle of
the ruins; and until the stranger accosted us, I re-
mained silent, subdued by the greatness of what I
saw.'

'Tis your custom, sweetest girl, to describe to
me the objects that give you delight; you array
them in the soft radiance of your words; and whilst
you speak I only feel the infinity, which holds me
in such dear diffidence, as a blessing. Why have
you been so long silent?'

'I know not. First, the wonder and the pleas-
ure of the sight; then, the words of the stranger,
and then thinking on what he said, and how he
looked; and now, beloved father, on your own
words.'

'Well, dearest, what do you see?'

'I see a vast circle of arches built upon arches,
and stones like shattered crags, so vast as they,
and walls giddy hanging—tottering—on walls. In
the crevices, and in the vaulted roofs, grows a multi-
tude of shrubs, the wild olive, the myrtle, and the
jasmine, and the intricate brambles, and entangled
weeds, and strange fathery plants, like dishevelled
hair, such as I never saw before. The stones are
immensely massive, and they jut out from each
other like mountain cliffs. There are terrible rifts
in the walls and high windows, through which is
seen the light of the blue heavens. There seem to
me to be more than a thousand arches, some ruined,
some entire, and they are all immensely high and
wide. Some are broken, and stand forth in great
heaps, and the underwood is tufted in their crum-
bling fragments. Around us lie enormous collections
of shattered and shapeless capitals and cornices,
loaded with delicate sculpture.'

'It is open to the sky,' said the old man.
'We see the liquid depth of the heaven above,
and through the rifts and windows, the flowers and
the weeds, and the grass and the creeping moss, are
nourished by the unforbidden rain. The blue sky
is above—the wide blue sky—it flows through the
great rifts on high, and through the bare boughs of
the marble rooted fig-tree, and through the leaves
and flowers of the weeds, even to the dark arcades
beneath. I feel, I see it—its clear and piercing
beams fill the universe, and impregnate the joy-
inspiring wind with warmth and light and life, and
interpenetrate all things—even me, father, and
through the highest rift, the noontide waning moon
angels, as it were, out of the solid sky; and this
seems me the atmosphere has the clearness which it
rejoices me that I feel.'

'Dearest child, what else see you?'

'Nothing.'

'Only the bright, green, mossy ground, intersper-
sed with tufts of downy clover, grass that run into
the interstices of the shattered arches, and around
the isolated pinnacles of the ruins.'

'Like those lawny dells of short soft grass, which
wind among the high forests and precipices of the
Alps of Savoy.'

'Indeed, father, your eye has a vision more se-
rene than mine.'

'And the great wrecked arches, the shattered
masses of precipitous ruin, overgrown with the
younglings of the forest, and more like chasms rent
with earthquakes among the mountains, than the
vestige of what was human workmanship.'

'What are they?'

'Things awe-inspiring and wonderful—are they

not caverns such as the untamed elephant and ti-
ger might choose, amid the Indian wilderness,
to hide her cubs—such as, were the sea to
overflow the earth, the mighty monsters of the deep
would change into their vast chambers?'

'Father, your words image forth what I would
have expressed, but could not.'

'I hear the rustling of leaves, and the sound of
water—but it does not rain—like the faint drops of
a fountain among woods.'

'It falls from among the heaps of ruin over our
heads. It is, I suppose, the water collected in the
rifts by the showers.'

'A nursing of man now abandoned by his care,
and transformed by the enchantment of Nature into
a likeness of her own creations, and destined to par-
take their immortality. Changed to a mountain,
cloven into woody dells, which overhang its laby-
rithine glades, and shattered into toppling precipi-
ces, even the clouds, intercepted by its craggy
summits, supply eternal fountains with their rain.'

'By the column on which we sit, I should judge
that it had once been crowned with a temple or
theatre, and that in sacred days the radiant multi-
tude wound up its craggy path to the spectacle of
the sacrifice.'

'It was such, Helen—what sound of wings is
that?'

'It is of the wild pigeons returning to their young.
Do you not hear the murmur of those that are
brooding in their nests?'

'It is the language of their happiness.'

'There never was drawn a more perfect portrait
of Shelly himself.'

THE IMPRISONED MISSIONARIES.—The Rev.
S. A. Worcester and Dr. Elizer Butler, missionar-
ies, are still in confinement in the Penitentiary at
Milledgeville, Georgia. There is a cruelty and in-
justice exhibited in the case of these missionaries,
that is a national shame and reproach. In no part
of the civilized world, in modern times, under the
authority of any government, has a subject or citi-
zen been subjected to an ignominious imprison-
ment, contrary to the opinion and judgment of the
highest judicial tribunal of that Government, except
these missionaries.

Mr. Worcester is employed in the Penitentiary
mostly as a mechanic at the bench; and Dr. Butler
at the lathe wheel. They are dressed in the ordi-
nary dress of the prison, made of coarse cotton; the
initials of their names are painted in large red let-
ters across their breast and waist. Thus attired
they perform their daily task in company with fel-
lows. In three apartments there are 100 prisoners.
Mr. Worcester has about 30 with him, and Dr. But-
ler with him 27. Each convict has a blanket to lie
upon or to cover himself with on the floor.

HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE.—The com-
mencement at this institution took place on the 26th
of September. The degree of A. B. was conferred
on nine young gentlemen.

On the following day, the Literary and Philoso-
phical Society celebrated their anniversary. Wil-
liam Maxwell, Esq. of Norfolk, pronounced an
eulogy on the Rev. Dr. John H. Kier, the late Presi-
dent of the Society. Mr. Maxwell, in his usual
happy manner, portrayed the interesting incidents
of his life, and briefly, but forcibly pointed out
the influence of his writings on the religious and literary
character of the state.

Bonnets.—The manufacture of Palm Leaf Hats
and Straw Bonnets, has proved a source of great
profit to the community within the last three years;
the latter will always be a manufacture of families.
And if the fair manufacturers will but keep the price
at about eight dollars a bonnet, they will always con-
tinue to be a source of profit. It is a pity that they
may change did we say—who ever knew a lady's
bonnet continue to be fashionable in the same form
and shape for more than a month? No, the form
and shape change, as often as the moon, and some
of the late forms were about as much to be dreaded
as the Comet.

An Impossibility.—The barristers of the names
of Doyle and Yelverton were constantly quar-
reling before the bench. One day the dispute rose
so high that the incensed Doyle knocked down his
adversary exclaiming vehemently, 'You scoundrel,
I'll make you behave like a gentleman!' The other
smiling under the blow, as he lay on the ground,
as energetically replied, 'No, never! I defy you.
You cannot do it, Sir.'—*Philad. Inq.*

We copy the following from the New Bedford
Mercury—

'A maiden aged 40, advertises for a husband; she
has some money. She thinks herself a pretty good
looking woman. She does not wish for a husband
that is under 50. Those who want a wife, had bet-
ter inquire soon at the Mercury office.'

The editor of the Mercury says—Last day may
be disposed to question its authenticity, it may be
proper for us to remark that it is copied verbatim
from the original MSS. of the willing fair one, who
herself left it with us for publication, and who also
communicated to us her real name to be revealed to
proper applicants who may apply for the same.'

A Tobacco Chewer.—A man with one eye was
detected on Saturday carrying off a keg of tobacco
weighing forty eight pounds from the grocery store
at the foot of Beekman street, N. Y. He was pur-
sued and overtaken by the owner, who brought him
to the Police office, where he admitted the fact of
taking the keg, but stated that it was merely his in-
tention to take out a chew and then return it, as
he was much in want of tobacco, having had none
since his arrival in this country, which was on Wed-
nesday last.

Benedict Arnold.—The name of this miscreant
was justly associated by our fathers with every
thing sordid and unprincipled in man; and will go
down to their posterity as only another name for
treason and corruption. When George 3d introduced
this man to the gallant Earl of Bute, the latter took
no notice of Arnold, but turning briskly to his
sovereign, exclaimed, 'What, that traitor, Sir?' For
this indignity he was challenged by Arnold, and
received his life without deigning to return it;
but flung his loaded pistol at the traitor's head,
saying, as he quitted the field, 'I leave you to the
hangman.'

Temperance Herald of the Mississippi Val-
ley.—The October number of this periodical has
just been published at the office of the Western Lu-
minary, and will be forwarded to all the subscribers
in a few days. Since the publication of the Septem-
ber number, we have received an addition of about
300 names to our subscription list; making upwards
of 1900 papers which we now circulate monthly.—
Western Luminary.

The Bible Cause.—The Stratford county Bible
Society, N. H. which ordered a while since 6000
new testaments from the American Bible Society,
for the purpose of placing a copy in the hands of
each Sunday school scholar, has within a few days
ordered 1400 more for the completion of this noble
undertaking. Testaments are furnished by the pa-
rent society, at nine cents, for objects like the above.

Consecration of the Bishops.—On Wednes-
day, October 31, in St. Paul's church, a very inter-
esting service was performed in the consecration of
four individuals as bishops of the Episcopal church.
They are as follows:

Rt. Rev. John H. Hopkins, D. D. bishop of Ver-
mont.

Rt. Rev. Benj. B. Smith, D. D. bishop of Ken-
tucky.

Rt. Rev. Charles P. M'Ilvaine, D. D. bishop of
Ohio.

Rt. Rev. George W. Doane, bishop of New Jer-
sey.

SYNOD OF CINCINNATI.—At the late meeting
of this body, considerable time was spent in interlo-
cutory proceedings respecting the difficulties in the
presbytery of Cincinnati. They resulted in certain
injunctive and advice of a pacific character, to ad-
here to the standards in regard to doctrine, to dis-
ciple those who disturb the peace, and recommend
mutual forgiveness, and the withdrawal of all
complaints and prosecutions now pending.

INGENUITY OF YANKEE GIRLS.—We were
shown at Messrs. Rhodes' Hat and Fur store, a
very handsome 'Lady's Cape,' made from the
Feathers of the Guinea hen. It exhibited much dex-
terity and cunning workmanship, and appeared to us
quite as valuable as the 'far fetched and dear
bought,' articles imported from China, last season,
and sold at from twenty to thirty dollars each.—It
was made by a young lady of Ipswich.—*Transc.*

The Queen of Belgium is represented to be an
intelligent, studious and amiable female, one who
has improved her mind with useful knowledge, and
displayed an uncommon degree of benevolence to-
wards the unfortunate. She has been entrusted
hitherto by her father with the care of examining
and reporting upon the documents and petitions pre-
sented him by the applicants for charity, or redress
of injuries. Since her arrival in Belgium, she has
made herself as popular as she was in her own
country.

Encouraging.—The corresponding secretary of
the American Temperance Society delivered a dis-
course on the evening of the 22d inst. to a large and
respectable audience in Cedar street church in this
city, on the following subject, viz. *Is the traffic in
ardent spirit, as a drink, consistent with the
principles and requirements of the christian re-
ligion?* And we are informed that a number who
heard it, have concluded to abandon the business
from a conviction that it is an immoral traffic.

'Westward Ho!'—A party of two or three
hundred Indians of the Seneca and Shawnee
tribes recently slept at New Paris, (Ohio) on their
way to the far west. Among them is a white
woman 105 years of age, who has resided more
than a century among the red men of the forest.
She had been taken prisoner, when five years old,
in Green Briar (Va.) and knows nothing of her
former name or relatives.

Beat this.—We are informed from updoctored
authority that a single potato, of the kind usually
called Chenango, was planted by Levi Lane,
Esq. of Hampton Falls, in the spring—and a few
days since it was found to have produced three
hundred and eighty-seven potatoes, making two
bushels!—*Exeter News Letter.*

One year, about 40 years since, the following
casualty appeared in the bills of mortality. 'Killed
by a cow.' Next year (for the printers
keep the head standing) there appeared—'Killed
by a cow.' This raised a laugh, and the head
was discontinued, or perhaps it began new head
standing still.

Snakes in Ireland.—It is a popular idea that
there are no snakes in Ireland, but it appears
there have been considerable numbers recently
killed in the county of Down.

MORAL.

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A Letter of the 'Dairyman's Daughter' to her
Brother.

(Now first published.)

I received your kind letter the 2nd instant, and
you may think what transport of joy I felt to re-
ceive an affectionate letter from a brother I had so
little regarded since he had left the world and me.
You may well say what joy it gave you to hear I
was converted to God; but are you the only one?
No, my dear brother! think what shouting and re-
joicing there was with the angels of God in heaven,
that are around the throne; that continually sing,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain, to receive all honor
and praise; they cry, And blessed be God who
hath showed strength with his hand, and with his
holy arm hath gotten himself the victory; yes, and
he hath scattered all the proud imaginations of my
heart, the great enemy of my soul's salvation. How
true are the words of my Redeemer: 'That who-
soever is in me is a new creature, for behold all
things are passed away, and all things are become
new!' Oh, how often would the Lamb have gath-
ered me unto him, as a hen doth her chickens, and
I would not; and how often hath he stretched out
his arm, and I have not regarded it. But how shall
I ever praise God enough, to think how long he
hath in mercy spared a wretch like me, who hath
drunk iniquity like water, and followed after the van-
ity of my once deceitful heart, which was wicked
above all things? It was when I was sitting under
that delightful man, Mr. —, when the Lord opened
my eyes; it was the second time I heard him;
and Sunday last, in the morning, I was standing
at the window, and he came past, and when I saw him
my heart leaped within me for joy; for I believe
him to be commissioned from the Most High to
preach the gospel of salvation and peace to all that
will hear it. My dear brother, I know it is not
good to be partial to any of God's creatures, but I
listen him to St. Paul; for he seems to labor more
than they all, yet not he, but the grace of that God
that is in him; it is evident to all that have the
pleasure to hear him speak. It seems as if I could
say with David, when he is there, 'O! that I could
dwell in the house of my God forever; and I shall
ever have the highest esteem for him as a minister of
Christ. And now, my dear brother, as I have no
money with me, I beg you will apply to my dear
mother for six guineas of my money, and give it
Mr. —, and tell him it is the free gift of a poor,
needy creature, who has been to the Lamb of God,
milked and destitute of every thing, and then he saw
my wretched condition. Oh! with what tender
compassion did he look on me, and sprinkle my
heart with his blood, and give me the whole armor
of God, the shield of faith, and the helmet of sal-
vation, and the breast-plate of righteousness, and now
his sweet voice still whispers in my heart, 'I coun-
sel thee, my child, to buy of me gold tried in the
fire.' What then would the dominion of the whole
world be to me, what indeed, to the love of God
that he has been pleased to shed abroad in my
heart? My dear brother, praise God for that. Buy
Mr. —, a very large Bible, that when he looks
upon it, he may bless his God, and think what good
he hath done for my poor soul, through the gracious
influences of the Spirit of God, and the rest he may

dispose of at his own pleasure, to the glory of God,
and the good of poor souls. And what is between
you and me, think no more of. And what is be-
tween your dear brother, send your children to school, and I
will pay for them as long as I am able, and do see that
our dear brother does not want for any thing that
he can do for him. I hope that God will be merciful
to all our dear friends that are yet in darkness, and
may they be filled with the Spirit of God, and may
they feel the pardoning love of God shed abroad in
their hearts. Do, my dear brother, if possible, re-
semble them together, and prevail on that good
man Mr. —, to be with them two or three times,
if possible; I know he is a dear lover of souls,
that he may assist them in turning to God. I know
what you can say to them will be of no great use,
for remember the words of our Saviour, 'That a
prophet hath no honor in his own country.' My
dear brother, how can you see, seeing any one so
related to you so far from God? Ah! when shall
God cease to be merciful? It is said, that when
the tide shall cease to flow, then will God cease to
be merciful. Be sure to do as I have desired, in the
name of the Lord, and for the glory of his name,
and my love to all that love him, and are
willing to turn unto him. Pray excuse this, and
write as soon as you conveniently can. Adieu, dear
brother.

ELIZABETH WALBRIDGE.

March 3, 1797.

READY MADE CLOTHING, &c.

B. B. F. MUNDRECH,
No. 30, ARMY-STREET.

AS constantly for sale a great variety of ready
made clothing, consisting in part of black,
blue, olive and mixed Coats, Frocks and Coats,
cassimere Pantalons of every description; also
check drill Pantalons, a new and fashionable article
for Summer wear; velvet, silk, Valence and
Marseilles Vesting, a great variety, including every
desirable style; Petersham and Kersey Pantalons;
Coats, Short Jackets, and Monkey Jackets; mus-
skin, bangup, beaver and all cloth Coats, Jack-
ets and Pantalons; duck Frocks and Pantalons;
woollen and cotton Drawers; plain red and
flannel Shirts; black hosting, blazemage, Russ
cassimere, brown and white drilling Coats, Frocks,
Jackets and Pantalons, for Summer wear; flannel
and cotton Shirts; checked do; linen, cambric and
imitation do. Shirt Bosoms, Pickneys and Stock-
ings, and a great variety of Fancy Pocket Handker-
chiefs, a great variety of Hosiery, consisting of raw silk,
ribbed and plain, Argyle, Virginia, marbled, zebra and
random, cotton, worsted and silk Hosiery and
Hose; Gloves of all kinds; Umbrellas; Hats; Caps,
Combs; Pumps, &c. &c. &c.

ALSO AN ASSORTMENT OF
PERFUMERY AND FANCY GOODS,
Jewelry, Buttons, Bosom Studs, Razor Staps,
Knives, &c. &c., too numerous to particularize. All
of which are offered at the very lowest prices for
cash.

Purchasers will do well to call and ex-
amine before purchasing, as every article will be sold
at a BARGAIN.

Boston, May 1.

GENTEEL BOARDING HOUSE,

FOR COLORED TRAVELLERS AND RESIDENTS.

ROBERT WOOD

GIVES notice to his friends and the public
that he has taken the house corner of Gar-
den and Southack streets, for the entertainment of
gentle persons of color who may wish to be ac-
commodated with board. It is situated in an ad-
mirable part of the city, and commands an extensive
and pleasant prospect. Board may be obtained
by the day, week or month. Every effort will be
made by Mr. Wood to suit the taste and con-
venience of his patrons. Gentlemen of color, in
other places; on visiting Boston, will find his
house a desirable resort. Patronage is respect-
fully solicited.

July 21.

BOARDING HOUSE

FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF GENTEEL
PERSONS OF COLOR,

(At the corner of Leonard and Church streets,
NEW-YORK.)